

## Dimensional Descent

- Chapter 1905: Regret |

### Dimensional Descent

#### Chapter 1905: Regret

Leonel understood. The reward was these paths. Using his placement in exchange, he had the ability to connect his Spear Domain to more paths. He wasn't sure what extra rewards would come with doing so, but he was sure that they couldn't be bad.

Leonel didn't hurry to establish any connections, instead scanning them one by one. He realized that they weren't all created equal. In fact, the vast majority of them were what he would call dormant, as though he could have established a connection with them whenever he wanted without having to worry about passing the tribulation first. Though, of course, he would have had to have the strength to walk to the top of this peak to begin with, something he was quite far from doing.

Suddenly, something sparked within Leonel's Dreamscape. Could this have something to do with the oddity that occurred in the Spear Domain Ring before? The one that brought the tribulation forward for him?

A flickering light couldn't help but dance in Leonel's eyes for a while until he eventually shook his head.

It would be a waste to use his rewards on these dormant paths. Leonel had a feeling that the point of his reward, and even maybe why Edrym had been so infuriated, was because of these rewards right here. What he should be targeting weren't the dormant ones, but the paths that had some resistance to them.

Leonel felt that there was a limited number that he could take under his wing. Given his performance, the amount that he could ignore the resistance of was quite high, but there were exactly six of them that had a great amount of resistance despite this. And beyond there, there were about a dozen others that Leonel felt that even with his rewards, it was absolutely impossible to budge them.

His eyes couldn't help but narrow. His performance was definitely the very best it could have been, he didn't think that it was possible to do anymore.

In fact, Leonel was actually understating his performance. Of the six most resistant, aside from the dozen or so he couldn't budge at all, he had defeated five of them directly. Compared to others in his field, his performance wasn't just excellent, it was beyond excellent. A Gold Grade evaluation simply wasn't able to cover it.

That was when Leonel remembered something Urah'Kai had called him, a Suppressor... That title seemed to make it quite obvious that those with different tiers of Spear Force were sent to different tribulations. If he had allowed his Spear Force to enter the Sixth Dimension, he would have faced off against others with Sixth Dimensional Spear Force and the hill he had to climb to reach this point would have been both steeper and taller.

That seemed to suggest that the paths he couldn't budge at all came from those taking higher tier tribulations...

Leonel's gaze narrowed and he ignored them, turning back to the strong six. These ones were hard to budge, but it was possible. These six would have to be his target, namely...

"This one."

Leonel's gaze landed on the strongest of the six. It wasn't by a large margin, minimal, even. However, Leonel was confident in his senses. This was definitely the one, and there was a better than 80% chance that this one was Edrym's.

Leonel grinned. 'He's gonna be pissed. Good.'

With a sudden sharp gaze, a radiant spear crown appeared around Leonel's head, wafting with billowing clouds of violet and sharp golden spear blades.

All at once, an enormous spear blade formed above Leonel's head and pierced forward with a blazing speed.

SHUUUUUUU!

The rumbling thunder above seemed to react and surged forward as well.

At that moment, in the vast emptiness, the vague outline of another peak formed. What was especially odd was that Leonel had the feeling that he was looking in the mirror, but the main difference was that rather than looking at himself, he was looking at the malevolent gaze of Edrym. The latter looked as though he was trying to bore a hole through Leonel's forehead.

CRACK!

A small pane of glass separating the two cracked and the image of Edrym twisted.

'Not enough, one more,' Leonel thought to himself, gearing up for another strike.

Right then, there was a sudden change. The cracked glass quickly reformed itself and Edrym's figure vanished. In his place, an older man that seemed to be about 40 or 50 years old appeared in his stead. At a single glance, Leonel could only describe him as a Greek god. The man was absolutely perfect in all aspects, even the infrequent strands of grey hair only seemed to make him look more noble.

"Child, I advise you to understand your limits."

Leonel blinked. This was possible too? Wasn't this cheating? If you just switched owners of the ring at the last moment to a stronger person, then wouldn't you always be able to protect your territory from being snatched? Where was the justice?

"Where's that old man when I need him..." Leonel mumbled.

'No, there shouldn't be such a blatant loophole, I don't believe it.'

Leonel's gaze narrowed and an even large spear blade formed above his head, the rattling of the lightning above gathering momentum as well.

With a flash of his irises, it surged forward, completely ignoring the older gentleman.

The expression of the middle-aged man turned to one of fury as well, but interestingly enough, he didn't move a single inch, and soon Leonel understood why.

The Spear passed right through where the shattered glass should have been, appearing before the old man and passing right through him as well.

At first, Leonel thought that nothing had happened, but soon the peak the older man stood upon split into two, trembling and then collapsing entirely.

The man continued to look at Leonel, his expression as dark as could be.

"You will regret this," he said lightly.

"Doubt it," Leonel said with a smile and wave.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1906: Obedient Puppets

The middle aged didn't say anything as he vanished entirely. Bright light rebounded and the Spear Domain world trembled. One after another, paths lit up, connecting with Leonel's world and unleashing a tidal wave of Spear Force in all directions.

Leonel's heart skipped several beats. He realized at that moment that several of the dormant paths were connecting as well. At first he was confused until it all clicked.

By targeting Edrym's Spear Domain, he had also gained all of the domains that Edrym had conquered. No, not just Edrym, but whoever had come before him. It was no wonder that the old man was so infuriated, Leonel was basically raiding all of their hard work to this point.

"Hm... I hope the outcome is worth it."

Although Leonel had smiled in the face of the man's provocations, he instinctively knew that that threat hadn't been empty. If all he got out of this was more spears, it would be a great disappointment. He already had more spears than he could use at once, and though it was true that he would gain more insight by absorbing the life's work of more experts, he was already at the point of receiving diminishing returns. There were only so many that he could assimilate at once.

This wasn't to say that it was bad to have so many, in fact it could only be good. The main issue was whether the tradeoff was worth making such an

enraged and motivated enemy or not. If spears and memories were all he received, it truly wouldn't be. In fact, all of this would have pretty much been a waste of time, honestly.

The lands below solidified, and worlds of spears appeared before Leonel, their strengths radiating.

Leonel took a breath, feeling a strong sense of pride that seemed to come from nowhere at all. It crept up on him as though it had always been there. It was then that Leonel understood that it came not from him, but rather the Spear Domain ring itself.

After a while, Leonel shook his head. It seemed that this was really all there was to it, how disappointing.

It didn't seem that he had enough strength left to claim another one of the main six. From the feeling within him, his rewards were only enough to assimilate a lesser one.

Leonel randomly chose a path he felt he had just enough left to grasp and targeted it. There was some faint resistance, but it was far weaker and was easily dealt with by Leonel, he couldn't even see the figure that appeared clearly.

The size of this one in the end wasn't even 5% of Edrym's, but it still gave Leonel a nice boost and everything settled in.

Leonel felt a rush and an energy seemed to be pulling him away. Looked like the reward accepting process was over. He didn't fight it and let the Spear Domain take him away. If he stayed here without approval, he would have to withstand the pressure himself. If he did something that foolish, he would end up with his consciousness being destroyed and he'd likely die on the spot.

Leonel's vision blurred one more, and then something suddenly caught hold of him. It felt as though a streak of lightning had collided with his mind, but rather than filling him with pain, it instead felt as though he was wide awake, too awake.

He immediately realized that something was changing. A pulsing sensation took hold of the front of his mind, an increased number of folds manifesting and being layered unto one another.

'This...'

Very few would be so hyper aware of this. It was only because of his Ability Index that Leonel knew exactly what was happening, and only because of it that he could clearly feel the changes.

Leonel understood what was happening instantly, his Spear Domain Lineage Factor was evolving. The threshold he needed to reach to display certain abilities was being exponentially lowered, and the abilities that he could already use were beginning to cost him less and less to use.

Right then, Leonel suddenly understood something else.

By passing the tribulation, those with several Spear Domain territories would also undergo this evolution. It was no wonder those few dozen territories were so sturdy. Those must be individuals who had already undergone this process and had solidified their Lineage Factors to an untouchable degree, at least for the past Leonel.

The location was the middle of the battlefield and all seemed to have entered a defined ending. However, at that moment, the sound of a sharpening blade echoed out in all directions.

SHIING! SHIING! SHIING!

Aina's hand lifted of its own accord, the ring on her finger levitating into the air until the golden silhouette of a nude figure appeared in the skies. He seemed to be formed entirely of Spear Force, his body itself exuding a majestic might capable of cutting anything in two.

There was no lack of gazes that turned in that direction, the aura that radiated out from it feeling suffocating to an impossible degree.

Suddenly, a line of Spear Force exploded forth, severing the earth beneath and the skies above.

Unfortunately, the result of this was absolutely shocking. The formation stabilized by the flagship itself was cut in two as though it was nothing more than wet paper, torn to shreds beneath this power.

ROOOOAAAARRRR!

Leonel roared into the skies, gripping his fists as the golden lights that surrounded him concentrated into a radiant crown that rotated about his forehead.

Maia was still exchanging a flurry of blows with Galaeron, both strained and bloody. It looked as though neither would be satisfied until they both died. But the moment Maia saw this, her gaze flashed.

"RETREAT!" She roared at the top of her lungs.

Leonel levitated in the skies in a daze, his eyes unfocused as his aura continued to rise. The Spear Force radiating from him continued to connect the earth and the skies, seemingly only intent on getting stronger without a care for what was around him, even Aina had no choice but to retreat. Leonel seemed to have no idea that he had opened up a chance for his enemies to escape.

\*\*

In an unknown location, a roar laced with far more fury was echoing.

Edrym drove his fist into a pillar that must have been at least a hundred meters deep in diameter, shattering what had stood for countless years in just a single blow.

Not far away, a familiar middle-aged man stood in silence, his expression dark as well. The loss of the Spear Domain ring wasn't just a matter of a lost treasure, it was a loss of countless generations of hard work, losing it was a slap to the face of every warrior that had come before them.

"Who is he?! How dare he?! Does he not understand the rules?!"

Edrym had never been this infuriated before.

"No, he doesn't."

"What?" Edrym's head snapped toward the man.

"I caught a glimpse of his Spear Domain, it only had one Domain and only had the aura of primitive tribulations, no complete tribulations. He is the first of his generation."

Hearing this, Edrym didn't feel any better. In fact, his expression only became worse.

"I recognize the aura, though. They should have a True Sovereign of the Bow already. This is an unexpected variable."

"They have two True Sovereigns now?!"

The man fell into silence. Their world once had three True Sovereigns, but now that was obviously no longer true. This was a huge loss.

Their chance of surviving now...

"The past cannot be changed, focus on the future. When the time comes, your future will be decided by whether or not you can get your own revenge."

The middle-aged man looked toward the skies.

"... There's not much time left... Right now we can only be obedient puppets..."

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1907: Easier

1907 Easier

The battlefield was entirely filled with Leonel's roar and the sound of sharpening blades. The spear was one of the most frequently used weapons, especially in such a battle, but that only made the sudden change even more exaggerated.

One after another, spearmen of all shapes, sizes, genders, and even races, suddenly found that they had no ability to control their weapons any longer. Some tried to struggle, but it felt entirely useless as their spears fought against them harder and harder.

If things had ended at just this, it might have been fine, but suddenly those that didn't use spears at all found their weapons uncontrollably lowering as their spearmen counterparts found their weapons rising. It seemed that not only was Leonel's aura forcing the spears to go wild, but it even directly suffocating the Forces of other weapons, crushing them beneath the tidal wave that was his presence.



The blinding lights of Spear Force concentrated into the radiant crown around Leonel's head and two blazing torches where his eyes should have been.

At that moment, just when it seemed like it was over, Leonel's aura erupted once more, his Spear Force shredding past the barrier of the Fifth Dimension and entering the Sixth. Those that sensed this not-so-subtle change couldn't help but freeze, one, realizing such oppression had come from a mere Fifth Dimensional weapon Force, and two, realizing that that already oppressive aura was only becoming more suffocating.

The only regions the Cloud Race could use to escape were the scars that Leonel had created, but at the same time, it was those very same scars that Leonel's Spear Force was still being unleashed upon.

Maia quickly realized with an exceptionally ugly expression that she was among the very few that could probably force her way through. Anyone beneath the Seventh Dimension couldn't even get close without being instantly shredded to pieces, and even for those that had crossed this barrier, the difficulty was not small.

What made matters worse was that they didn't bring any large scale flying treasures, they could only rely on their Cloud Figure movement technique to try to escape through the skies, but this left them even more vulnerable than normal.

The sudden evolution of Leonel's Spear Force shredded those who were on the outskirts waiting for an opportunity to pieces.

Even to this point, Leonel wasn't aware of his surroundings. The forcefulness of his breakthrough was unlike anything he had ever experienced before, as though every fiber of his being was evolving. He was becoming about as different as he could become without becoming an entirely new person. It was a feeling he had never experienced before.

Leonel had broken through many times before, he had even reforged his own body from nothing but his Ethereal Glabella before, resetting himself to the very beginning. And yet even those experiences felt like nothing compared to this.

The only way to describe it was... being born. He was being birthed once again, reborn, reforged.

On the ground below, the spearmen finally couldn't hold on any longer. Some of their spears directly turned to ash. The few that were somewhat better among them soared into the skies, adding to the shuddering aura of sharpening blades.

At the same time, all other weapons plunged into the ground.

Swords and sabers were buried to their hilts, daggers seemed to vanish into endlessly deep pits, polearms buried their blades, their polearms trembling above ground as though they didn't dare to show any more of themselves.

The echo of Leonel's roar swallowed even though itself. He became the very center of the world, his voice resounding through Earth's territory and even beyond, causing a shudder in all living things.

When his lips finally closed, his roar continued even without his input. And when his eyes snapped open, the blinding spear light coming from them finally calming, the world seemed to fall into silence.

Veins pulsed all across Leonel's body, the lean muscle tissue twitching with a sheen of sweat. Every aspect of his body seemed perfectly structured and immaculately sculpted, while also carrying a sharpness that felt inhuman.

A silent hum of hovering spears surrounded Leonel. They seemed to become his eyes, pervading every crevice and crack of the battlefield as it left not a single stone unturned.

Leonel's almost lazy gaze turned and landed on Maia. The last echoes of his Spear Force still blocked the scar above and below, but it definitely didn't seem like it would last much longer.

Slowly, Leonel's lazy gaze sharpened and his brows furrowed. This was troublesome. The gap between him and Maia wasn't small, even after this evolution. He couldn't just casually try to stop the actions of a Seventh Dimensional powerhouse.

"Hey, unc, what are you doing?"

Galaeron, who was still trying to get his breath while fixing up his clothing, couldn't help but fall into silence. Didn't you just have a big and overwhelming breakthrough? Weren't you very great just a second ago? Didn't you cause this problem to begin with? Why were you asking for help now?

"Shameless..." Galaeron mumbled, taking a breath and stabilizing himself.

Slowly raising his palm, Galaeron locked eyes with Maia and suddenly pressed out.

Leonel grinned. "Leave the rest to me. No one beneath the Seventh Dimension will escape."

Maia's hair was frayed, her lips were cracked with blood, and her chest heaved as she took deep breaths. Her nerves were at their absolute end, and her fury could hardly be put into words by now. Hearing Leonel's words seemed to push her way over the edge, she was so enraged that she laughed.

Leonel had no one around him, and though he floated in the skies, whatever mysterious power had allowed it was quickly dissipating. With her senses, she was sure that it wouldn't last much longer.

And yet, he still had the balls to say such a thing.

"Hear me well, Cloud Race! Escape, but I want this boy's head severed first!"

Leonel blinked. "Did I say something wrong? Damn, is that kind of response even warranted?"

Despite feigning innocence, Leonel's grin only widened as he raised his hands, the spear hovering around him trembling just once.

"Thanks for making my job easier, though."

1

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1908: Palpable

Maia's eyes widened but it was already too late.

"Die."

The spears moved as though they had minds of their own, raining down from the skies like Armageddon.

To Maia, these events could only be said to be a blur. Watching her people get slaughtered like this left her without the will to retaliate. She only managed to gather up some strength when it seemed that her sons were about to be slaughtered next, but the end result of that was all of them being captured at once.

Like this, the second infiltration of the Cloud Race was suffocated and restrained.

"Put on some clothes, look at you," Aina finally got a hold of Leonel, exasperated.

Leonel laughed. "It's not my fault, do you think I have a streaking fetish?"

"You're narcissistic enough for it," Aina rolled her eyes.

"Is that your way of saying I look good? Can you say it clearer," Leonel bent down so she say it into his ear, but in return he got a light bite to his earlobe.

"Behave," Aina said somewhat sternly.

"Are you sure you're the one who should be saying that? That felt kinky..." Leonel mumbled.

Aina was speechless. She couldn't help but think of James at that moment, the two of them really couldn't take anything seriously. By this point, she actually felt sort of bad for Elorin, the latter was beaten to practically an inch of his life, but James' mouth was just... too foul.

Leonel smiled and stopped teasing Aina, looking toward the four pillars of Black Wood after he put on a pair of sweats. Their screams had been drowned out for a while, but now they were front and center once again. They were unfortunately in the Sixth Dimension, or else their vocal cords would have given in by this point.

"It seems that everything went well, I'm surprised. Was the Cloud Race really this incompetent?"

"... I have a feeling that they never took us seriously to begin with and they paid for that."

Leonel nodded. Using "Graros" as an entry point, Leonel had come to understand that the efforts of the Cloud Race in the Human Domain weren't necessarily holistic and well-coordinated. They had many different factions, each with their own thoughts on how to best deal with the Human Domain. "Graros" had been one, those that had infiltrated Shield Cross Stars had been another, and Maia was yet another.

Among this number, there were bound to be a few that were more incompetent than the others. Comparatively speaking "Graros's" efforts and "Captain Wimword's" efforts weren't incompetent, they were just unlucky to have run into Leonel.

Maia seemed to have been quite diligent and patient, but that was only if one used the perspective of a human.

Due to the special ability of the Cloud Race, Maia was able to "skip" large amounts of time. Effectively, it was like falling into a dream for long periods of time and finding yourself to have woken up a year or two later.

To the people of Earth, decades had passed, but to Maia, it may very well have only been a handful of months. She would judge the time based on how much of it she had personally experienced, not how much had actually passed.

If things were framed like this, then Maia wasn't actually patient and diligent at all. She was just looking for the quickest path to victory and she had suffered for it greatly.

Leonel looked toward Maia and her two sons. He wondered if he could get information from them. It wasn't guaranteed due to the other ability of the Cloud Race to retreat into their own minds and induce a coma, but he hoped that Maia's activation of their race's trump card would hinder her ability to do so.

'Time will tell...'

Leonel's thoughts came to a pause as he suddenly looked in a certain direction.

In the distance, a young man with a blade wound through his shoulder stood in silence. They must have been separated by at least a kilometer, and yet they might as well have been right in front of one another given their vision.

The two didn't say a single word and silence fell.

The battle had long since come to an end. Of the thousands of Cloud Race there had been, only a few dozen remained. There were simply no other battles to fight and Earth had withstood another tribulation.

Aina blinked, looking from Leonel to James and back again. She sighed inwardly, stubborn, indeed.

Objectively, it was true that James had betrayed Leonel. That said, Aina didn't believe that James ever wanted Leonel's death, although it was a bit naive, he likely believed that the worst thing that would have happened to Leonel back then was a period of imprisonment. Leonel likely understood this as well, or else he would have never made any plans that required trusting someone who legitimately wanted his death.

No matter what, what James had done was wrong, and more than a little stupid. He had seen that the Royal Blue Fort was willing to use explosives against Leonel, even at the expense of the lives of innocents, and yet he still thought that Leonel would live if he was caught. That was a dangerous amount of ignorance.

Even so, that ignorance had stemmed from his blind trust in his father, something that Leonel was very obviously guilty of as well.

In addition, on the other hand, Leonel had been aware that James was struggling with something at the time, but rather than getting a sure answer of what was going on, he did what he always did, moving those around him as though they were puzzle pieces to fit into his own worldviews.

That was a frustration that had been bubbling up within James for a long time, and it had almost frothed over after the championship game, before it finally couldn't be held back any longer after their last exchange of words that day so many years ago...

Suddenly, the two men began to walk toward one another at the same time. They were separated by over a kilometer, and yet it only seemed to take the both of them a few steps until they stood no more than a half meter apart from nose to nose.

The silence was palpable and the atmosphere was even heavier.

BANG!

Two fists moved at once, Leonel's landing on James' cheek and James' landing on Leonel's nose.

Both spewed out a mouthful of blood, taking a single step back before they charged toward one another, butting heads and clasping palms.

BANG!

A concentrated blast of air rippled out in all directions.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1909: Bets

Teeth and blood flew.

Leonel grit his teeth. This son of a bitch really had a hard head.

"Hard headed son of a bitch," James said through gritted teeth.

Leonel craned his neck back in response, smashing forward again.

Not to be one to lose out, James craned his own and followed suit.

The sound of their foreheads clashing was akin to two slabs of metal, their brains rattling around as though jello on a plate. Even so, the two didn't seem to notice as they reeled back and smashed forward again.

Leonel's knee suddenly drove up with a hop, catching James off guard and nailing him right in the chin.

James' grip on Leonel's hands loosened as he stumbled back. Leonel tried to follow up with a winding kick, but James trapped it to his hip with an arm lock, roaring once as he lifted Leonel to the air and swung him toward the ground.

Leonel reacted quickly, twisting the position of his knee in James' hold and rounding the latter's back. With a swift movement, he threw his other leg over James' head and over his shoulder before locking in a solid headlock.

James tilted over, the momentum he had gathered while trying to throw Leonel causing him to fall to the ground. His father almost immediately went red, then purple, as Leonel's hold around his neck tightened again and again.

With a slight wind up, James drove a solid elbow into Leonel's liver as though he had eyes in the back of his head.

Leonel gasped for air, his whole body threatening to shut down completely. It was just a short lapse, but James used the opportunity to reach his hands back and grab toward Leonel's shoulders. When James realized that Leonel wasn't wearing a shirt, he changed tactics and grabbed the latter's head, roaring out as he flipped Leonel over his head and smashed him toward the ground.

The wind rushed out of Leonel's lungs, but he didn't have time to react as James' foot descended.

Leonel flipped to his side once, dodging out of the way and palming the ground. He spun on his palm, sweeping his legs out and kicking James' own out from under him.

James lost his footing, tumbling to the ground. Before he could regain his bearings, Leonel had already scrambled over, sliding into a perfect armbar that left James' joints on the verge of bending in the wrong direction.

Leonel drove his hips upward, pinning down James' face and chest with his legs.

The pain shot through James' body in waves and his arm was truly about to snap in two. But right then, he used his free hand to slap at the ground with such force that an enormous crater appeared beneath them as the two flew into the air.

A sickening pop echoed as James dislocated his own shoulder, but he used the added flexibility to shift positions. As the two fell from the air and his elbow was on the verge of popping as well, he made sure that they fell with Leonel's head first.

They rushed toward the ground like a pair of streaking meteors attached at the hip.

**BOOM!**



Leonel's head collided with the ground, burrowing into it. He was immediately left in a daze. However, at the final moment, he had still managed to break James' arm at the elbow before the impact forced him to loosen his arm.

"Fuck!" They both cried out at the same time.

James stumbled back from the impact, cradling his dislocated shoulder and broken arm. As for Leonel, he barely managed to pull his head out of the ground, but his legs wobbled and his vision blurred.

Their gazes met for just a brief moment before they charged forward again, James with one arm and Leonel like he was some sort of drunk driver on legs.

BANG!

They tackled one another but ended up spinning off the side and tumbling to the ground again.

They quickly stood and rushed toward one another again, throwing out fists and kicks. Quite frankly, if it wasn't for the fact neither had used Force or any abilities, there would be no doubt that they were trying to kill one another.

At the edge of the ever-erowing crater. Aina watched sneechlesslv.

"... Men..." she shook her head. At this point, she preferred if they had decided to be passive aggressive and petty instead, she had a few tips for that path.

Joel and the others appeared as well, but they seemed to take things very differently.

"Who you got?" Raj asked.

"Cap's already on those bambi legs, classic CTE," Milan nodded like an expert. "He won't last another dozen exchanges, James by TKO."

Franco shook his head. "No way, James' only working with one arm, he's cooked, fried, sauteed, if you will. Cap's got him by the balls."

"What, are you willing to bet?" Milan grinned.

"I got a dozen kilograms, Seventh Dimensional."

"What is this? Do I look like a beggar to you? Pony up," Milan said with disdain.

"Women are expensive!" Franco protested. "Don't drag me down just because you're single."

"Hoho, I didn't know that being whipped was something to brag about now," Milan laughed harder.

Franco wanted to protest, but thinking about Joyce and her fists, he didn't even have the face to even try to refute.

"Franco's just poor," Raj laughed, "I've got a thousand kilograms right here on Cap, do you dare meat head?!"

Milan, who had been feeling smug, suddenly choked on his breath. His head whipped around and he glared at Raj. Not all of them could form diamonds out of thin air.

Raj laughed so hard his belly rolled in waves.

BOOM!

A sudden collision caused all of their heads to snap over.

"Sssss," Milan grimaced.

"Yeah, that doesn't look too good."

Down below, both Leonel and James had kicked each other in the balls at the same time. It didn't look like it had been on purpose, but who knew with those two madmen?

The both collapsed at the same time, writhing on the ground with tears coming out of their eyes.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1910: Three

Leonel coughed. "... Son of a bitch..."

He held onto his balls as though he was cradling precious porcelain. His eyes threatened to pop out of their sockets, veins writhing across his forehead.

"Fuck," James gasped, "even your balls are hard, why does my foot hurt? Did sis put a chastity belt on you? Damn, how whipped are you?"

"Fuck you," Leonel wheezed, his eyes tearing. "Forget your foot, what about mine? I would have thought fucking all those prostitutes finally caught up to you and your dick fell off. I swear I hit nothing but bone."

"Don't mention that to me, that's still a sore spot," James whimpered. He still had no idea if Samoa was a real person or not, or if he had been toyed with the entire time. How annoying.

"Finally got your heart broken, huh? I tried to warn you, it was only a matter of time."

"My heart is just fine! As strong as a bull!"

"A bull? That explains a lot."

James used what strength he had left and kicked dirt toward Leonel's face, causing him to breathe it in and cough.

"Sorry, my bull tendencies are acting up again," James sneered.

The two paused for a moment before they burst into a fit of laughter. Although it was described like this, one would have thought two lions were roaring. With their current level of strength, just their hearty laughter alone caused the earth to quake and the clouds to disperse. It could only be described as valiant.

Moments later, the two struggled to their feet, ending up leaning on one another just to stand. The tenderness between their legs didn't allow them to walk normally.

"Bloody hell, you've gotten taller," James said speechlessly.

He was used to being taller than Leonel, but only now did he realize that Leonel was actually taller than him by at least three inches now.

"Guess you didn't drink enough milk," Leonel said with a sneer.

"Fuck you, you grew almost an entire foot, that's not milk. Tell me the truth, what've you been pinning?"

"Pinning?" Leonel was confused for a second before he burst into a fit of laughter.

Back in their Royal Blue days, one could imagine that steroids were rampant. For many youths who were only Three or Four Star Professionals, their positions were reliant on their performance. Plus, with the advancement in technology, only the most horrific kind of steroids actually still had poor side effects. So it was unsurprising that its abuse was everywhere.

It had just been so long since Leonel heard of something so... mundane that he couldn't help but burst into a fit of laughter.

James rubbed his nose, his other arm still wrapped around Leonel's shoulder.

"I know I'm hilarious, but if you keep laughing so hard, I'm gonna think you've fallen in love with me."

Leonel looked over toward James seriously, looking him up and down to the point the latter felt his spine tingling with a weird feeling. He suddenly felt the need to back away.

"You're not nearly handsome enough for that," Leonel said seriously, shaking his head.

James was speechless. "Hey, hey, I ranked 1034th on the Eligible Minor list, I must be way higher now, I could be a runway model if I really wanted."

Leonel looked at James with no small hints of disdain. "1034th? You don't feel ashamed? Plus, how long has it been since you've been a minor? Talk about peaking in high school?"

James grinned. "If you're jealous about only being ranked 3021st back then, just say so. The have-nots always want to pretend like such things don't matter, how petty."

"Okay, okay, alright!" Raj roared from above. "How about you two get a room?! This lovey dovey shit is making me sick!"

"Raj, you still haven't lost any weight after all these years?!" James rebutted.

"Your bitch loves these rolls, why would I get rid of them?!"

"Excuse me?"

James covered his mouth, trying his best not to burst into a fit of laughter as a young woman he recognized as one of Aina's best friends appeared by Raj.

"Ah..." Raj opened his mouth to respond but immediately went red, not daring to look toward Yuri. He had gotten swept up in the moment and forget that they weren't in the boys'

locker room any longer. That damned James did this on purpose, definitely.

"Hm?" Yuri questioned again.

James finally couldn't hold it in any longer, laughing so hard that he fell over and pulled Leonel down with him. When he saw that Leonel didn't dare to laugh and was making eye contact with Aina while pleading his innocence, he only laughed harder.

Soon, Milan and Gil joined in, unable to hold back.

The ambience was warmer than it had been in a long time.

\*\*

While Earth had just finished fighting back another calamity, the situation on Planet Morales was growing more heated. While the conference had yet to begin, the number of powerhouses converging was steadily growing in number. Whether it was individual powerhouse families like the Suiad family, or large networks of alliances like the Constellation Families and the various Craftsmen Guilds, not a single one missed this opportunity.

Everyone had come to realize that this generation's Heir Wars would become a flashpoint, a split road of sorts for the Human Domain. Its outcome, as impossible to predict as it was, would maybe become the most important event in the whole of their history.

At that moment, a particular youth had recently exited his seclusion. He stood in front of the partial ruins of the Sword Faction, his visage expressionless. He hadn't been present when Leonel returned, and as such he could do nothing as his Sword Faction was humiliated. Even now, those scars had yet to heal.

Even so, he didn't seem to care very much about this at all, he had been entirely focused on other things.

The Sword Domain Ring on his finger glowed, the sound of a sword howl filling the air. He was suddenly very interested in these Heir Wars.

If Edrym's father had been there, he would have realized that he had made quite a substantial mistake.

There weren't two True Sovereigns in this world, there were three.